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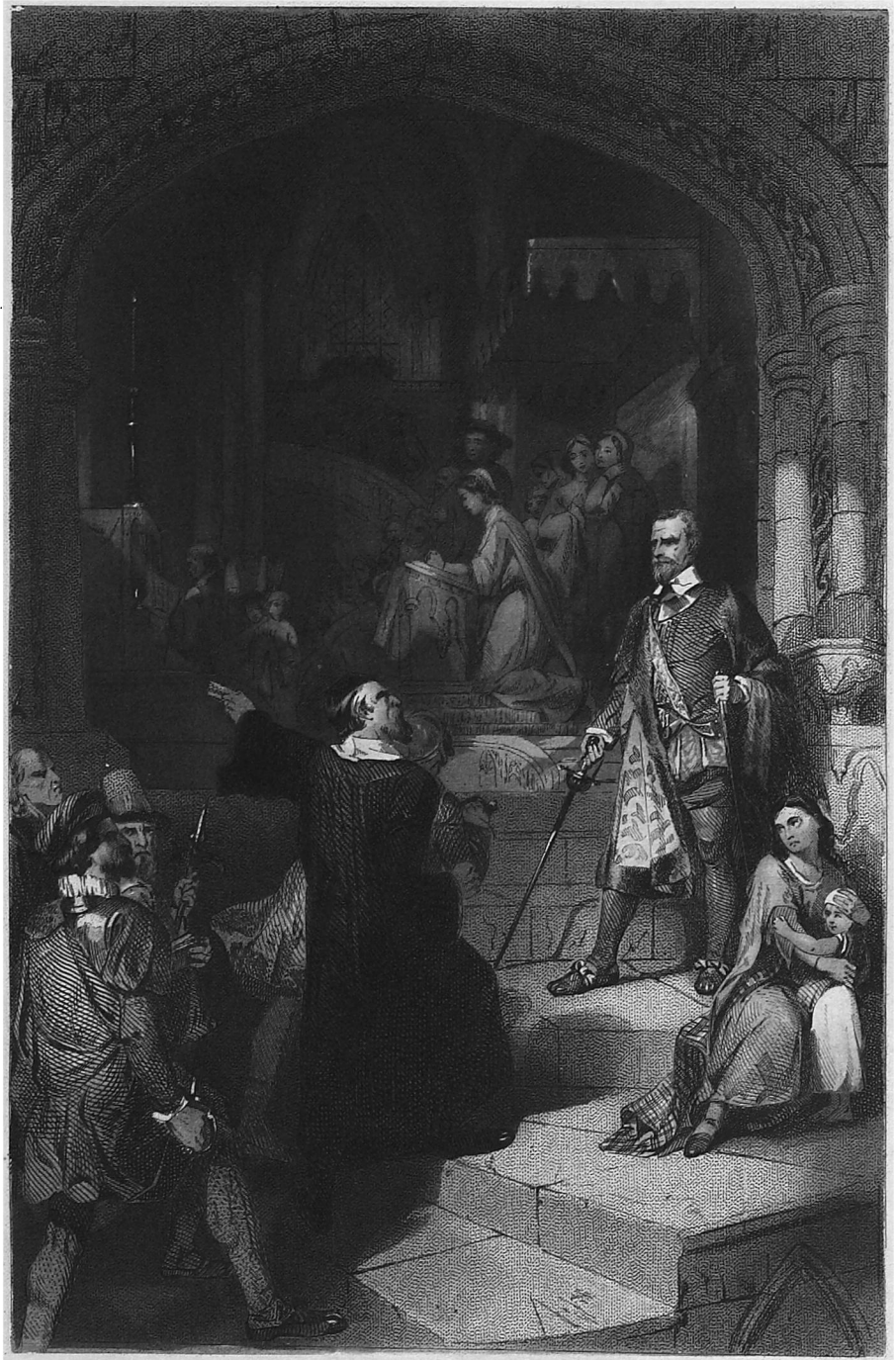
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Murray's defence of Toleration.

Engraved by Alfred Jones from the original painting by P. F. Rothamel, in possession of the American Art-Union.

BULLETIN OF THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.



NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1851.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

The etching this month is by ALFRED JONES, after a picture which was one of the chief ornaments of the late exhibition of the National Academy of Design—*Murray's Defence of Toleration*, by P. F. ROTHERMEL. This work, we are happy to say, has become the property of the American Art Union. It illustrates the following extract from Sir Walter Scott's *History of Scotland*.

"But when, on the Sunday after Mary's landing, preparations were made to say mass in the royal chapel, the reformers said to each other, 'Shall that idol, the mass, again take place within this kingdom? It shall not.' The young master of Lindsay, showing in youth the fierceness of spirit which animated him in after life, called out in the court-yard of the royal palace, that the idolatrous priest should die the death according to God's law. The Prior of St. Andrews (afterwards Earl Murray) with great difficulty appeased the tumult, and protected the priests, whose blood would otherwise have mingled with their sacrifice. But unwilling to avow an intention so popular, he was obliged to dissemble with the reformers; and while he allowed that he stood with his sword drawn, at the door of the chapel, he pretended that he did not do so to protect the priest, but to prevent any Scottish man from entering to witness or partake in the idolatrous ceremony."

One of the wood-cuts, *The Scouting Party*, is engraved by RICHARDSON, after a characteristic picture by RANNEY, which is also the property of the Art Union. It represents a party of Western pioneers, with their horses upon a high bluff, watching the motions of their Indian enemies, whose fires are seen in the prairie below. The drawing on the block was made by MILLER.

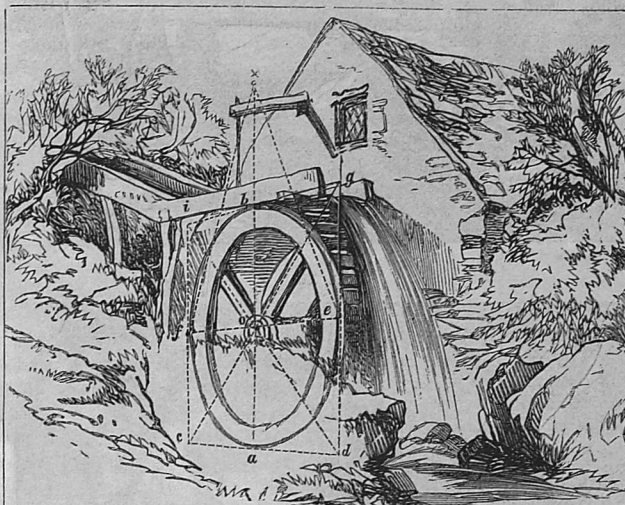
The other wood-cut is by BOBBETT & EDWARDS, after an original design drawn on the wood for the Bulletin, by T. F. HOPPIN. It is called *The Emigrant's Last Look upon Home*. The time is the morning of the departure. The party have reached on their journey the top of a hill, from which they must take their last look at the place they are leaving. The scene is well described in the following Sonnet by Rev. James M. Hoppin:

"Now bright beneath them gleamed the sunlit vale,
And just discerned, the cot from whence they passed,
When stayed the creaking wheels, and slow and pale
Stepp'd forth the sorrowing emigrants, to cast
Upon the home they left, one gaze,—the last:
The grandsire shaded with his trembling hand
The dim eye, strained upon the roof he reared;
The son but looked, and bowed himself, unmanned,
Upon his horse's neck, whose rough breast shared
His master's agony:—unlike the rest
The wife gazed tearless, and her infant son
Folded in silence to her tranquil breast,
As though she felt wherever doomed to roam,
With him and with his sire—there would be home."

THE ART OF SKETCHING FROM NATURE. (Concluded from the last Number.) CIRCULAR OBJECTS.

Among the circular objects which may, in the course of experience, present themselves to the sketcher, perhaps few would cause him more embarrassment in their delineation than a mill-wheel; which, when viewed obliquely (and it is seldom represented otherwise), presents an elliptical or oval form. The drawing, however, of this object will be readily effected by the application of the foregoing rules.

FIG. 23.



Let $ao b$ be the vertical diameter of the wheel—then, according to the preceding rules, draw the right lines cad , foe , and ibg . Draw deg parallel to ab ; and at a distance from it equal to the apparent width of half the diameter (which in this position will appear somewhat less than the real semi-diameter), also draw ci parallel to ab but less distant from the centre o .

Produce ob to x and make bx equal to ob . Draw oi , og , then lines drawn from x , to e and f , will cut og and oi in two points, through which the curve may be described, making tangents with the straight lines at the points e , b , and f . Being an overshot wheel the lower portion is not visible. Should, however, the entire wheel be seen, the lower points for the curve will be in the diagonals immediately beneath the others, as shown in the cut.

FIG 24.



The student may have recourse to similar means for drawing the circular arches of a stone

bridge. It seldom, however, happens that a bridge of this kind is a desirable object in a landscape, unless perhaps in the distance, or middle distance of the picture. Arches, however, are frequently found in association with the most picturesque material, and in combination with the most romantic features of nature, such, for instance, as that near Aberystwith, called the Devil's Bridge, and many others.

Some of the stone bridges in the lake districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland are extremely picturesque. They are of very rude construction, being in many cases formed only of loose stones for the passage of sheep and herds of cattle over small streams; it is, however, from their very ruggedness that they derive their interest, surrounded as they frequently are by scenery of much grandeur. The cut below affords a specimen of this kind of simple and picturesque bridge; it is thrown over a small stream flowing into Wast Water, one of the most picturesque of the Cumberland lakes.

This subject of Fig. 26 is "Stockley Beck," in Cumberland, which, in combination with a portion of the mountainous district amid which it is situated, forms a passage of landscape scenery that in pictorial interest can scarcely be surpassed. It is only in Wales, Scotland, and in the lake districts of England, that such combinations are met with; and this, and other similar sketches are introduced here, only to afford the student examples of this class of scenery, and to illustrate the selection and treatment of a sketch.

The rude bridge forming the subject of Fig. 25 crosses one of the streams that flows from Snowdon. It is near Beddgelert, and so picturesque is it from every point of view, that no sketcher goes into the neighborhood in which it is situated, without making a drawing of it, and scarcely a season passes without a picture of this bridge appearing in some one or other of the London exhibitions.

ON THE CHOICE OF SUBJECT.

As the strict end of our instructions here is to instruct the sketcher to a facility in simply delineating objects and combinations of objects; it is desirable that it should be understood, that this is only the first step towards accomplishment in drawing from nature. An easy, rapid, and decided manner of sketching is to be acquired only by practice. It is an acquisition essential to excellence in all the other artistic qualities to which it serves as a basis; therefore, it were here altogether out of place to propose a consideration of color, manipulation, and all those questions of feeling and execution, which, brought forward at so early a period of progress, would only serve to divert the student from the attainment of the power of dealing with these effectively hereafter. These subjects are entertained in their proper places in the series to which this little book belongs.



THE EMIGRANTS' LAST LOOK UPON HOME.

Designed and drawn upon wood by THOMAS F. HOPPIN. Engraved by BOBBETT & EDMONDS.

of drawing, expression and composition, but no eye has ever neglected the colorist.

What renders a true colorist rare is the general adoption of some master to imitate. For a long time the pupil copies his master's pictures, and never looks at nature; that is to say, he habituates himself to look through another man's eyes, and loses the use of his own. By degrees he makes for himself a technicality, which fetters him and of which he cannot rid himself. He has put a chain upon his eyes as the galley-slave wears one on his legs. This is the origin of so many false colorists. He who copies DECAMPS is glittering and solid. He who copies DELACROIX is reddish and brickly. And hence too that variety of opinions about form and color, even among artists. One will tell you that Poussin is dry; another that RUBENS is extravagant.

It has been said that the finest color in the world is that charming blush with which innocence, youth, health, modesty and chastity tinge the cheeks of a young girl. This is not only a delicate and ingenious thought, but it is a true one also. Of all things, flesh is the most difficult to render. It is that unctuous whiteness—that evenness of surface, which is neither pale nor unpolished—that mingling of blue and red, which gleams almost imperceptibly through the skin—it is the blood—the life—which reduces the colorist to despair. He who has gained the true sentiment of flesh, has taken a wide step. The rest is comparatively nothing. A thousand painters have died without knowing what the true sentiment of flesh was; a thousand more will die without knowing it.

* * * * *

The general tone of color may be feeble without being false. It may be feeble without being inharmonious. On the contrary, it is vigorous color which it is most difficult to unite with harmony.

To paint white, and to paint light, are two very different undertakings. Other things being equal, the most luminous of two compositions

will please you the best, just as you prefer day to night.

Who then in my eyes is the true, the great colorist? It is he who takes the tone of nature and of well-lighted objects, and knows how to make his picture at the same time, harmonious.

[The following advice, it should be remembered, is given to those who have too much Academic practice, and is not so well suited to our meridian, where there is not enough of it.—Ed.]

DRAWING FROM THE MODEL.

In all these great Christian or Pagan compositions, (the writer refers to several works of much pretension in a recent exhibition in Paris,) we feel that the poor painters have put themselves to the torture to prove to us, that they have learned their profession. They have learned it certainly, but they do not comprehend it. You think, perhaps, that all those five years passed at the Academy in drawing from the model, were well spent; but would you like to know my opinion about them? It was precisely then, during those sad and painful years, that you acquired the mannerism that disfigures your drawing. All those academic attitudes, stiff, formal, gotten up for the occasion—all those various actions coldly imitated by some poor devil, (and always by the same poor devil,) hired to come three times a week to strip and turn himself into the professors' mannikin, what have all these in common with the positions and actions of nature? What has the man who draws water in the well of your courtyard in common with him, who, without the same burden to raise, awkwardly imitates this action with uplifted arms, on the platform of the drawing school? What has he, who "makes believe" die in common with him, who expires in his bed, or who is struck down in the streets. That individual who implores, prays, sleeps, reflects and faints away at your bidding, what has he in common with the countryman prostrated by fatigue upon the earth, the philosopher meditating by his fireside, or the man who is suddenly taken ill on the sidewalk?

Nothing, my friend, nothing at all! To complete the absurdity, the pupils should be sent to learn grace of Cellarius, or some other dancing master. In fact, natural truths are forgotten, and the imagination is filled with stiff positions, affected attitudes and ridiculous figures. Every time the artist takes up his pencil or his porte-crayon, these ugly phantoms rise and present themselves. He cannot tear himself away from them—It will be a wonder if he ever exorcises them. I once knew a young man full of talent, who before drawing a line prayed to be "delivered from the model." If it be rare now-a-days, to see a picture of many figures without finding among them certain academic positions and attitudes which are mortally tiresome to people of taste, and can only impose upon those who are unfamiliar with the truths of nature, lay the blame upon the eternal study of the model.

Why, in fact, it is an art, and a great art, that of setting the model. You should see how such and such a professor is vain of his skill. You will never catch him saying to the poor hireling devil, "my friend, take a *posé* yourself—stand as you please." Oh no, he offers to twist him into some singular and unusual attitude rather than allow him to take by himself a simple and natural one.

I have been tempted a hundred times to say to the boys I meet on their way to the Louvre, with their portfolios under their arms, "my friends, how long have you been drawing there?" "Four years."—"Very well, that is longer than is necessary.—Leave that great mannerism-shop.—This is the eve of a festival: go to the parish church, and take a look at the confessionals, there you will find the true attitudes of self-examination and repentance: go to-morrow to the public gardens, there you will see the proper *posés* of men in a passion: go to public places: make your studies in the streets, market places, the houses you visit; it is thus only that you will collect just ideas of the true movements of outward life."



THE SCOUTING PARTY.

Drawn on wood by MILLER, from the original by RANNEY, and engraved by RICHARDSON.

GRAPES AND CHIARO-SCURO.

All the magic of *Chiáro-scuro* has been reduced to the study of a bunch of grapes. It is a fine idea, which may be still further simplified. Diaz understands it. A single grape may represent the vastest scene. Fix your point of sight and graduate your lights and shadows as you see them on the grape. Trace on your canvas the circular limit of the light and shadow. In the place of your principal group draw in perspective a prism of the size of your chief figure, continue the lines of this prism to all the points which bound your canvas. You will thus neither offend against the laws of light, nor perspective.

A CURIOUS USE OF PASTEL DRAWING.

ROSALBA CARIERA, the pride of Venice, and the idol of the French Court, was fully acquainted with all the resources of the art of drawing in pastels. She equalled the best masters in this department, and a few hours' time was sufficient for her to make a *chefd'œuvre*. She had painted a Parisian lady in all the radiance of youth and beauty. This portrait was intended for the lover of the lady, and Rosalba had painted it like a woman, who herself knew how to love. The innamorato found his chief delight in the picture. He remained before it for hours, forgetting in the contemplation of the dear image the sorrows of his long separation. But the liveliest passions are not always the most lasting. Another lady appeared one day, and he became faithless to his first love. The poor forsaken damsel confided her sorrows to Rosal-

ba, who consoled her and bade her not give up all hope. Without explaining her design, the lady artist bribed the servant of the faithless lover, and by this means got possession for an hour, while the master was absent from his rooms, of the pastel portrait that had lost all its eloquence. Once within her hands, she gave to it a few skilful touches, and put it back in its place.

The next day the Chevalier (he was a Chevalier) looked at it from a sort of habit he had fallen into; but what an inexplicable change! The portrait which was usually lovely and smiling, and glowing with voluptuous color, presented now a pallid countenance, eyes swimming with tears, and an expression of unspeakable grief.* It seemed to the Chevalier to utter the reproaches which his treason had only too well deserved. He felt a sincere sorrow for the sad state into which he had plunged her whom he had loved so warmly. His passion, which had for an instant gone astray, returned to its old channel. He rushed to the arms of his young mistress, and the romance finished, as all romances do, by a marriage, which was the happiest thing in the world, as every marriage is—in a romance.

Now what could Rosalba have done had she been obliged to re-touch an oil painting instead of a pastel? Why, the desolate damsel would never have seen her runaway again, and the

* Drawing in pastels is executed with dry paints, reduced to impalpable powder, and applied with the ends of the fingers. It is executed with great rapidity, and one of its principal advantages is its power of producing striking effects with but little labor.

lawyers would have lost the drawing of a good marriage settlement.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF CATALOGUES.

It is customary, in the catalogues of French Exhibitions, to describe portraits by initials or titles, instead of saying "of a gentleman," or "of a lady." More than one mischievous spectator may be seen to smile upon recognizing his washerwoman or his glove-merchant under the pseudonym of Madame the Countess of ****. A pretty girl has a great many privileges, and among the rest that of being painted gratis. In this connection I will tell you a recent anecdote. It occurred to one of our fashionable painters. Two or three years ago, Babet ran away by stealth from a private cottage at Brie, to come and seek her fortune at Paris. From that time to this her poor parents had not heard a word about her. Last January her mother came to Paris to sell cheeses. They took her to the Exhibition. She had scarcely put her foot in the Great Saloon when she shrieked and fainted. When she came to her senses, she rushed up to one of the finest portraits in the gallery, and with the most lively emotion cried out, "Mon Dieu, it is my child—my child." The catalogue was consulted, and it was found to be *Portrait of Madame the Baroness of S.* "It cannot be," said the by-standers, "it is the Baroness; it cannot be your daughter." "It is she, my good sirs; it is her very self. Don't I see her great blue eyes, her long lashes, and that little freckle mark at the corner of her mouth? It is Babet, it is my daughter!"

The poor mother hurried to the artist, accompanied by the shopwoman who had taken her to